



OUR SATURDAY NIGHT SUPPER SERIES NUMBER LXXIX.

A REMEDY FOR MENTAL DEPRESSION, AND A CURE FOR HYPOCHONDRIA, HYPOCHIRIA, OR ANY COMPLAINT OF A NERVOUS NATURE.

BY OUR SERIES EDITOR. ALMANAC AND DIARY.

SHORT METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Monday, 30.—The "Lay of the Last Cable," celebrated by firing 100 guns on board the Great Eastern, and by the publication of Cyrus W. Field's Diary—both transactions being the most stirring reports we have had since the war.

Tuesday, 31.—An Original Reconstruction Policy in full operation at New Orleans. The most perfect Union feeling manifested between the city authorities and the mob, in shooting down Freedmen and Republicans.

Wednesday, 1.—General Terry forbids the organization of military companies at the South unless composed wholly of Rebels. The Freedmen are considered by him strong enough unarmed.

Thursday, 2.—Indignation meeting in Moyamensing Hall. The citizens get their cholera upon learning that it is a disposition by the city to use the building as a Cholera Hospital.

Friday, 3.—Santa Anna's property confiscated in Mexico by Maximilian, and \$50,000 worth of it in New York by its private banker. The only leaf-see he will have to leave his children will be his wooden one.

Saturday, 4.—Series Column Day. The Ocean Telegraph and the Evening Bulletin, both considered by the series Editor a great success, particularly this number.

GREAT SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH

Laying of the Atlantic City Cable.

THE WORK A PERFECT SUCCESS.

Union of the Continents of New Jersey and America.

TO ATLANTIC CITY AND BACK IN EIGHT MINUTES.

History of the "Mary Ann's" Voyage from Cooper's Point to Vine Street Wharf, U. S. A.

COMPREHENSIVE DIARY OF PATRICK O'FIELD AND HIS FELLOW-LABORERS.

Ever since the interruption of telegraphic communication between the United States and Atlantic City, occasioned by the breaking of the old cable in the Delaware by the anchor of a Richmond coal barge, the Company have been indefatigable in their efforts to renew the connection with the wires on the shore end at Cooper's Point, and more particularly so, in view of the important events now going at Atlantic, including the Grand Hop at the Surf House, and the extensive and heavy engagement of partners during the continuance of the campaign, which one man, who has three daughters there, told the Superintendent at that end of the line should be, for the balance of the season, "short, sharp, and decisive." Although the Atlantic City Telegraph Company had met with many misfortunes with the deep sea portion of the cable, similar to the one that occurred last week, they still, with unwearied perseverance, determined last Tuesday to charter the yawl-boat Mary Ann, and again attempt the laying of the Cable across the channel, this time a little out of the track of the ferry-boats Arasapha and Union, though on this occasion the Arasapha nearly swamped the jolly-boat that had the cable on board, and probably would have done it, had not Mr. Patrick O'Field, the Superintendent, with two others, jumped out of the boat on the bar and held her until the Arasapha had passed. Too much praise cannot be awarded to Mr. O'Field on this occasion for his presence of mind in the boat and the absence of his body out of it, for, as it was, the crew lost one of their sculls, which floated up to Petty's Island before it went ashore. The Atlantic City Cable Company have had difficulties to overcome in laying the overland route that would have deterred a less enterprising or persevering company. The wires through the Absecon swamps and in the neighborhood of Vineland, Hammonton, and other interior towns, were broken to the ground by the frequent large and unlawful gathering of the mosquitoes on them, and by fires in the Jersey pines not discriminating between the verdure on the poles and the trees. The citizens of Absecon village greatly demurred, as they had only sold the Railroad Company the right of travel up to high-water mark; and as the road and the town were but seldom submerged—rarely more than twice a year—a line of communication above that mark should require a separate charter. In 1868, however, the line was finally built to Cooper's Point. Several climbers for political favor offered their services to the company, but few of them could stand the test when brought to the poles. At Haddonfield, and at Camden, a town of some size, situated near this end of the route, the workmen were greatly annoyed by the crows, who, in great numbers, in the early morning, would waken the men up by their incessant cawing before their sleep was half out, and for this cause many of the workmen left. The overland route was finally completed to the entire satisfaction of the public, who had no use for the line, and all that was wanting was the submarine connection across the Delaware channel to the United States.

It becoming known that the Company desired this connection, many plans were submitted by experienced parties in such matters. One gentleman, known as a professional "Catty-racker," offered the use of the buoys attached to his "lay out line," provided the Company would keep him in hooks and bait. Another professional in the same line offered to sink the line by putting his eel-balls on it, and examine it every day as he brought up the eel-balls to get the eels. Many other propositions,

more or less ingenious, were submitted; and entertained by the Company; but none were then adopted, the chief reason being that the Company was out of funds, and had no wire on hand.

At a later time arrangements were made with Mr. Patrick O'Field, whose place of business is on and off the wharf, with his able and staunch yawl-boat, the Mary Ann, to lay the deep sea part, to clear the sand bar above Smith's Island, and to land it at Vine street wharf, at the office of the Company. Mr. O'Field immediately got his vessel ready, removed a lug and scoop from under the stern seat and put it forward, took out the after-thwart and thole-pins, and put a roller over the stern as a kind of paying-out apparatus, to keep the cable from scratching the paint of the Mary Ann, as he had newly painted her himself that spring.

The shore end was shipped on board the Mary Ann, at Cooper's Point, last Tuesday, July 31, at 7:05 A. M. The crew, who consisted of two, besides Patrick, then pulled straight for the deep water at the end of the bar, as it was now low tide, and two sand sloops were lying on the bar leading with sand. It was thought necessary to avoid these men, who might cut the cable with their spades, judging from the vigor and force with which they put their shovels in the sand.

As the Mary Ann got about half way across between the Point and the Bar, the ferry boat belonging to the Company, the Arasapha, came near swamping the telegraphic party by the "rollies," as the Captain termed them. On regaining their steadiness, which they did by jumping out of the boat, they discovered that the insulation was lost; in fact, the whole of the cable was, and nothing was left for the party to do now but to commence grappling. Mr. O'Field immediately rolled up his pantaloons and sleeves, and commenced feeling around in the bar for the cable. There was 23 1/2 inches water in the bar, with a heavy sea running. It was now 8:45 A. M., ferry time, real time, 9:15, and but 640 feet rowed, and 678 feet of cable paid out, when this accident occurred. On recovering the cable, which was done without much trouble at 8:50 A. M., Mr. O'Field commenced with his picking-up apparatus, which was very simple, consisting of one hand and five fingers, while the others held up his pantaloons legs, and soon had it all picked up and on the boat, when a new difficulty presented itself—the crew being in possession of but three oars, one of them having been knocked overboard on the passing of the ferry-boat. After a short trial with what oars they had left, it was found impracticable to lay the cable; they could lay it fast enough, but not in any particular direction, and after a consultation of all on board, it was agreed to buoy the cable there with the jugs (that had been previously emptied of its contents), and with what oars they had, with heavy hearts and boots, to return again to the Point.

It was now 11:05, and nothing more was done towards getting a new oar until after dinner. In the meantime the crew were in great suspense as to the fate of the cable, or rather of the Buoy, as it was the private property of Mr. O'Field, and was intended for quite a different use that very afternoon. Dinner being over, the crew again embarked at 1:05 P. M., with another buoy of the same description, and another oar. At 1:15 P. M. they reached the spot where they left the old cable, when their worst fears were realized, for the Buoy was gone. The cable, however, was recovered, and safely coiled on board, while they were standing in 47 inches of water, the tide rising rapidly at this point. The crew, somewhat mortified with their misfortune of the morning, now pulled with a will straight for the lower side of Vine street wharf. The incidents of the voyage were not given to the Associated Press, but we were enabled to gather the most important ones from the private diary of Mr. O'Field, which we succeeded in getting out of his side coat pocket as he lay asleep in the Mary Ann, alongside of the wharf at the Vine street ferry slip.

PATRICK O'FIELD'S DIARY. COOPER'S POINT, 7:05 A. M.—Commenced this morning to lay the Atlantic City Cable across the Delaware. Great rejoicing on account of receiving on board a jug of "Chestnut Grove," which the Superintendent said would do for a Buoy.

7:10.—Thirty-five feet rowed, 41 feet of cable paid out. Tried the Buoy and found it would sink, corked. Took the cork out and lightened it; passed it to Ted and Jim, who did the same.

7:15.—Everything working well; 110 feet paid out. Tested the Buoy again and found it too heavy; removed some of the contents; passed it to Jim and Ted, who did the same.

7:30.—Again examined the Buoy. Jim and Ted stopped rowing for a few minutes, and examined it also. The Buoy was now sensibly lighter, with considerable rolling motion to the vessel. The cable by mistake paid seventy-four feet, all in a bunch. Hereafter must watch the brakes.

7:40.—Found it expedient to again lighten the Buoy—the Mary Ann steering badly.

7:50.—The Arasapha appearing in sight in the American side of the channel, preparations were made to get the Buoy in order by lightening it. Jim and Ted led a hand under the trying circumstances.

8:00.—There had been paid out four hundred and ten feet of cable, and the Mary Ann steering wildly. Signals from shore received from the Superintendent on the wharf, waving his hand for us to turn up the river. Examined the Buoy and then turned up the river.

8:10.—Ted and Jim's oars working badly in the "daddy-mommy" style. The Buoy being quite light, began to roll very much; caught hold of the Buoy myself and tested it. Ted and Jim did the same.

8:20.—The Arasapha has just passed—never saw her rollies higher. The two men on the bar stopped working to look at us; we also stopped to look at them.

TOTAL LOSS OF INSULATION. 8:30.—The rolling of the Mary Ann was so great that I fell overboard, when I immediately gave orders for the crew to follow me. Jim and Ted got out, but both on the same side, tipping the boat and spilling the cable.

8:40.—The Mary Ann righted herself, but no cable. The Buoy found perfect as regards the outside; the inside arrangements in a very unsatisfactory state; reported by Ted and Jim as having a mark of M. T. on the bottom; 678 feet of cable paid out.

9:00.—Having now lost one oar, and being unable to proceed, buoyed the cable and returned to the Ferry House for another oar.

1:05 P. M.—After dinner, with another oar, and Buoy filled at the expense of the crew, again started with the Mary Ann for the scene of our morning labors.

1:20.—Found the cable, but the Buoy was gone. Examined the new Buoy and found it too heavy, likely to sink. Got the cable on board and lightened the Buoy, and it being near high tide, started straight for Vine street wharf.

1:30.—Stop rowing to avoid a Tugboat. All hands called to examine and lighten the Buoy.

1:40.—Again stopped to allow another Tug to pass. Took a Tug ourselves at the Buoy.

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TESTING THE BUOY.

1:50.—The Mary Ann again steering badly. Lost the memorandum of the number of feet paid out. Took measures for lightening the Buoy in case of another mishap. Jim and Ted cheerfully lent their assistance.

2 P. M.—The John A. Warner heaving in sight. Jim and Ted put renewed efforts to the oars, while I also did to the Buoy. The Mary Ann steering wildly.

2:10.—John A. Warner just passed close to the Mary Ann's stern, while she was rolling heavily. Insulation perfect.

2:20.—The Arasapha again about. The crew much alarmed. We all cling to the Buoy.

2:30.—Shore end made fast to the wharf. The Mary Ann in still water; but Jim and Ted were rolling badly, with poor steering way on. I was so—

Here the Diary terminates in a very unsteady hand, evidently from excessive fright. The Captain, apparently, from whom this important diary was got, was asleep; no other person was in the boat, although there were three pairs of boots lying in the bottom of the boat, and an empty whisky jug. It is feared that in a temporary aberration of mind they have wandered off into the sign of the "Anchor," about a half a square below. But if this Diary is of any use to you, it is at your service. Your contemporaries will see that your correspondents are all

LITERATURE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

CUSTOMS OF SERVICE, FOR OFFICERS OF THE ARMY. By Augustus V. Kautz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The little pocket manual before us is intended solely for the use of officers in the army, and consequently addresses itself to an extremely limited class of readers. It is a careful compilation of the duties of every officer, as taken from the authorized manual, and is enriched by considerable experience on the part of the author. It is of such a size, and bound in such a manner, as to be particularly suitable for carriage in the pocket.

THE TAXPAYER'S MANUAL. By Hon. George S. Boutwell. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston. Agent, J. K. Simon, No. 33 S. Sixth street, Philadelphia.

The work issued by Mr. Boutwell is not of much interest for general reading, but is invaluable as a work of reference. It contains all the internal Revenue laws, codified and arranged so that every article can be easily found, and the tax or exception at once determined. It is clearly printed, and should have a place in every counting-room and business office. J. K. Simon, No. 33 S. Sixth street, is the agent.

TIMOTHY CROMB'S WARD is the title of a work published by Loring, and sent us by G. W. Pitcher, No. 808 Chestnut street, which is of the ultra sensation order. It is certainly abominable trash, and we will not go so far against the popular prejudice as to contradict those who give it that name. We deprecate the publication by a respectable house of this class of fiction, and all our contemporaries should join with us in seeking to prevent its appearance.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers have issued two reprints, each of which is of considerable merit in its way—"Science of Etiquette" and "Jerry Ambrose." The latter is a pleasant, homely story, very acceptable for summer reading.

LITERARY NOTES.

—The Round Table, speaking of Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore," gives us some pleasant gossip:—"For many years after its publication the authorship of this poem was a mooted question though it is so no longer. It was with great pleasure that we recently found the poem in the handwriting of the author, carefully preserved in the Hibernian Academy at Dublin, an institution full of objects of great interest to the student and antiquary. At the time it was written

Wolfe had reached his twenty-fifth year, and was engaged in Dublin, his native city, as a tutor in Trinity College, of which time-honored institution he was a recent graduate. It is gratifying to find a letter, written in rather a small and running hand, to a friend, who, it seems, had insisted on seeing two of the stanzas before the completion of the poem. The letter is written on, and around the margins of, a full sheet of letter-paper, and suggests to a somewhat careless correspondent, there being left only a small square, on which the following address is written:—"JOHN TAYLOR, Esq., 'at the Rev. Wm. Armstrong's,' 'Cloworth, Cahool.'"

"It is without date, but though the post-mark is dim, 'September 6, 1816' can be traced without much difficulty. It was probably written from college, and is as follows:—"I have completed 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' and will here inflict it upon you; you have no one but yourself to blame for perusing the two stanzas that I told you so much.

"I here follow the eight stanzas:—"I pray thee soon 'to my book' as usual to the college, and it will follow me to the country. 'Give my love to Armstrong, and believe me, my dear John, ever, thy sincere friend, WOLFE.' 'Again, I say remember Constantine.' (The latter part of the last verse is very dim.) Elizabeth is to be drawn among the rest. (The first word and the last though understood, are so little as very dim.) 'I will pardon me for being particular about any message from that quarter.'"

"Brief as these words are, they serve to give an interesting peep into the man's nature. 'A little chink in the armor,' says the old proverb. His humble, deprecating manner, bordering on apology, for troubling his friend with the lines which were to make his name immortal, is at least touching—indicating, as it does, a well of affection for the rare water of the gems he sought. It is the true modesty, which so often accompanies the highest gifts, and the long questioned authorship of the 'Burial' is the best evidence of it. Jean Ingle-roy, by-the-way, in speaking of the kind reception of 'The Burial' in America, showed a modesty akin to it. The letter shows that the author had a warm, genial Irish heart, and many friends whom he loved, and that he was 'spelled in love's sweet Aiden.' But his youth and poetic nature are a free 'pardon' for his 'being particular about any message from that quarter.'"

—The present European war has not been very productive of poetry so far, although it will unquestionably produce the usual crop of verse. The German poet, Freilichth, has spoken, or sung, in behalf of his native land, in the following song, which we find translated in a late English weekly:—"WESTPHALIAN SUMMER SONG.

In lightning and in summer's glow, In noon-hot and glowing, Full gayly, O Westphalia's gram, Art scolding up and growing! Old Hielweg's eye, so like and strong, Seven feet and more thy stems are long, How gloriously dost thou ripen!

"I grow and ripen just as strong, The year with joys is melow, To steady both of us and young I ripen rich and yellow But dost thou not, O wanderer, know That he who joyfully did sow Can never cut and reap me?"

"Forth thro' my swaying ears he went, In rank and order starting, With clouched fist and head low bent From house and home departing; Loud summer from the dross and born, He goes to crush his brother's corn In brother-war unhallooed.

"Who, then, for this year's harvest-home Will seth the girls to foot it? Ah! what'll we see the next breath? Upon the barn who'll put it? The reaper's name is Death, I wot, He mows this year with grape and shot; Well know I who has sowed me!"

"A little bird sings on the Haar, 'Where Elbe and Mamo are heine, There he who was a ploughing here All and a mark is lying; His homes and pride, forlorn did he go; A brother's bullet laid him low!' I rustle to the breezes."

—Mr. C. G. Leland has recently published a collection of translations of his, of the text of Herne's "Book of Songs," from which we take the following pathetic ballad, in which the spirit of Herne is infused into English:—"My heart, my heart is weary, Yet merrily beams the May, And I lean against the hidden High up on the terrace grey.

"The town moat far below me Runs still as sand and mine; A boy in a boat floats over me, Still fishing and whistling too.

"And a beautiful varied picture Spreads out beyond the flood, Fair houses, and gardens, and people, And cattle, and meadows, and wood.

"Young maidens are bleaching the linen, They laugh as they go and come; And the mill-wheel is dripping with diamonds, I list to its far-away hum.

"And high on my old grey castle A sentry-box peeps o'er; While a young red-coated soldier Is pacing beside the door.

"He handles his gleaming musket, Which gleams in the sunlight red, He halts, he presents, he shoulders; I wish that he'd shoot me dead!"

—The real name of the lady who has hitherto published under the name of F. G. Trafford, the author of "George Geith," "Maxwell Drewitt," etc., is Mrs. S. H. Biddell. Her last fiction, "The Race for Wealth," originally contributed to *Once a Week*, is now on the eve of publication in book form.

—Mr. William Winter is about to see through the press a second edition of the late George Arnold's poetical remains, with additions from the *Round Table* and other journals for which Mr. Arnold wrote in the last years of his life.

—Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, the famous Eastern diplomatist, who has just published a volume of indifferent verse entitled "Shadows of the Past," has not the excuse of youth to offer in extenuation, being seventy-eight years old.

—Mr. Edmund Yates is said to hold an office in the General Post Office, London, a situation which probably influenced him in his determination to become a man of letters. He is a son of Frederick Yates, the comedian, and is thirty-five years old.

—Mr. John H. Thompson, the erewhile editor of the old *Literary Messenger*, is said to be the "Heros von Boreck" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, whose adventures while in the Confederate service are soon to be published in book form.

—Miss Manning, the author of "Mary Powell," etc., etc., is said to have been born in 1812. We would defy a paraphrast to arrive at the correct age of an American woman of letters, unless she were lost out of her teens.

—Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie, who is at present living in London, is said to be the correspondent of the *Daily News*, the *Baltimore Gazette*, and the *Home Weekly*.

—Mr. Bayard Taylor has finished reading the proof of his long poem, "The Picture of St. John," which is to be published at the beginning of the fall.

—Miss Abigail Dodge is to be congratulated that her last work, "Summer Rest," has already reached its seventh thousand.

—Professor Longfellow is spending the summer at his little house at Nahant.

—Professor Lowell is among the White Hills of New Hampshire.

—Dr. Holmes is ruminating at Pittsfield and Greenfield.

SUMMER RESORTS.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

ATLANTIC CITY.

The subscriber, grateful for past favors, tenders thanks to his patrons and the public for the generous custom given him, and begs leave to say that his house is now open for the season and ready to receive boarders, permanent and transient, on the most moderate terms. The bar will always be supplied with the choicest of wines, liquors, and cigars, and superior old ale. The tables will be set with the best market affords. Fishing lines and tackle always on hand. Stable room on the premises. All the comforts of a home can always be found at the Exchange.

GEORGE HAYDAY, PROPRIETOR.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Will open for the reception of guests on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1866.

DODWORTH'S BAND engaged for the season. Persons desiring to engage rooms will address

BROWN & WOELPPER, PROPRIETORS, ATLANTIC CITY, Or No. 87 RICHMOND Street, Philadelphia.

MERCHANTS' HOTEL,

CAPE ISLAND, N. J.

This Hotel being entirely refitted and furnished in the best manner, IS NOW OPEN FOR THE RECEPTION OF GUESTS. The house is located near the ocean, and every attention will be given to merit the patronage of the public.

McNUTT & MASON, PROPRIETORS.

BROWN'S MILLS BOARDING HOUSE.

The former patrons and friends of the Boarding House originally kept by the Brown family at Brown's Mills in the township of Pemberton, county of Burlington, and State of New Jersey, are hereby informed that the subscriber is now ready to accommodate all who will favor him with their company.

THOMAS SCATTERGOOD.

N. B.—Stages for the accommodation of passengers to and from Brown's Mills, will run from Pemberton to depot. JOHN HAVENS, Proprietor of stages.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,

LONG BRANCH, N. J. Is now open for the reception of boarders. 15 1/2 miles from Atlantic City. HENRY S. SLOAN, Esq., Proprietor. The Saturday 4 1/2 P. M. line from Vine street wharf returns on Monday, arriving in Philadelphia at 9 A. M.

SUMMER TRAVEL,

Via North Pennsylvania Railroad.

SHORTEST AND MOST PLEASANT ROUTE TO WILKESBARRE, MAUCH CHUNK, EASTON, ALLENTOWN, HETHLEHEM, HAZLETON AND ALL POINTS IN THE Lehigh and Wyoming Valleys. Commodious Cars, Smooth Track, Fine Scenery, Excellent Hotels Are the Specialties of this Route.

Through to Wilkesbarre and Mauch Chunk without change of cars. The new road between the summit of the mountain and Wilkesbarre opens up a view of unsurpassed beauty, and the new Hotel provides the best and most ample accommodations for summer visitors.

Excursion Tickets from Philadelphia to principal points, issued FROM TICKET OFFICES ONLY, and guaranteed rates, on Saturdays, good to return till Monday evening. Excursion Tickets to Wilkesbarre, good for ten days, issued any day.

THROUGH TRAINS. Cars leave the Depot, THIRD and THOMPSON Streets at 7:30 A. M., and 3 P. M. For particulars, see time table in another column. 6 1/2 m. ELLIS CLARK, Agent.

SHORTEST ROUTE TO THE SEA SHORE.

CAMDEN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD. SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS. THROUGH IN TWO HOURS. Five trains daily to Atlantic City, and one on Sunday. On and after THURSDAY, June 28, 1866, trains will leave Vine Street Ferry as follows:—

Mail ..... 7:15 P. M. Freight with Passenger Car attached ..... 7:30 A. M. Express (through in two hours) ..... 7:08 A. M. Atlantic Accommodation ..... 7:15 P. M. Special Excursion ..... 5:15 P. M. Mail ..... 4:45 P. M. Freight with Passenger Car attached ..... 4:30 A. M. Express (through in two hours) ..... 4:08 A. M. Atlantic Accommodation ..... 4:15 P. M. RETURNING LEAVE ATLANTIC CITY:—

Mail ..... 5:15 P. M. Freight with Passenger Car attached ..... 4:45 P. M. Express (through in two hours) ..... 4:08 A. M. Atlantic Accommodation ..... 4:15 P. M. RETURNING LEAVE ATLANTIC CITY:—

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STEIGLEDER, TROUT, VOIGT & CO.,

best most respectfully call the attention of the public at large to their newly-invented Patent, THE UNIVERSAL ALARMIST, which, by discharging a percussion cap, made expressly for the purpose, will prove very effective in the prevention of burglaries, etc.

The following are some of its great advantages:— 1st. Simplicity of construction, cheapness and ease in application, so that a servant or child may set it. 2d. Freedom from danger to persons or property. 3d. Universality of application to any part of a Door, Window, Grating, Shutters, Gate, Garden, Precinct, Fish Pond